

CLASMATA.

~~John & Elizabeth Style~~

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Anna Guyan Junior.

Anna Guyan.

Elizabeth Style.

1650.

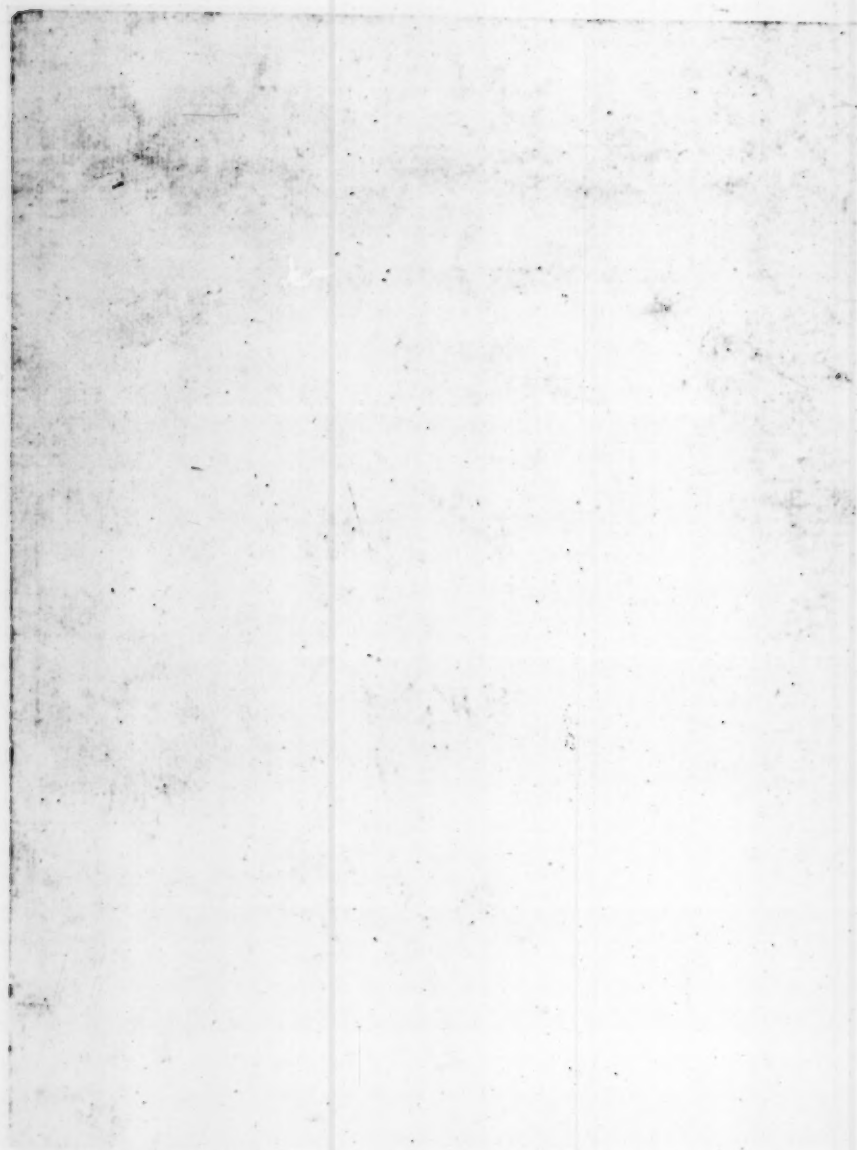
H.W.

Anna Guyan.

Anno Dom. 1646.

Anna Guion Guyan.

Elizabeth Style.

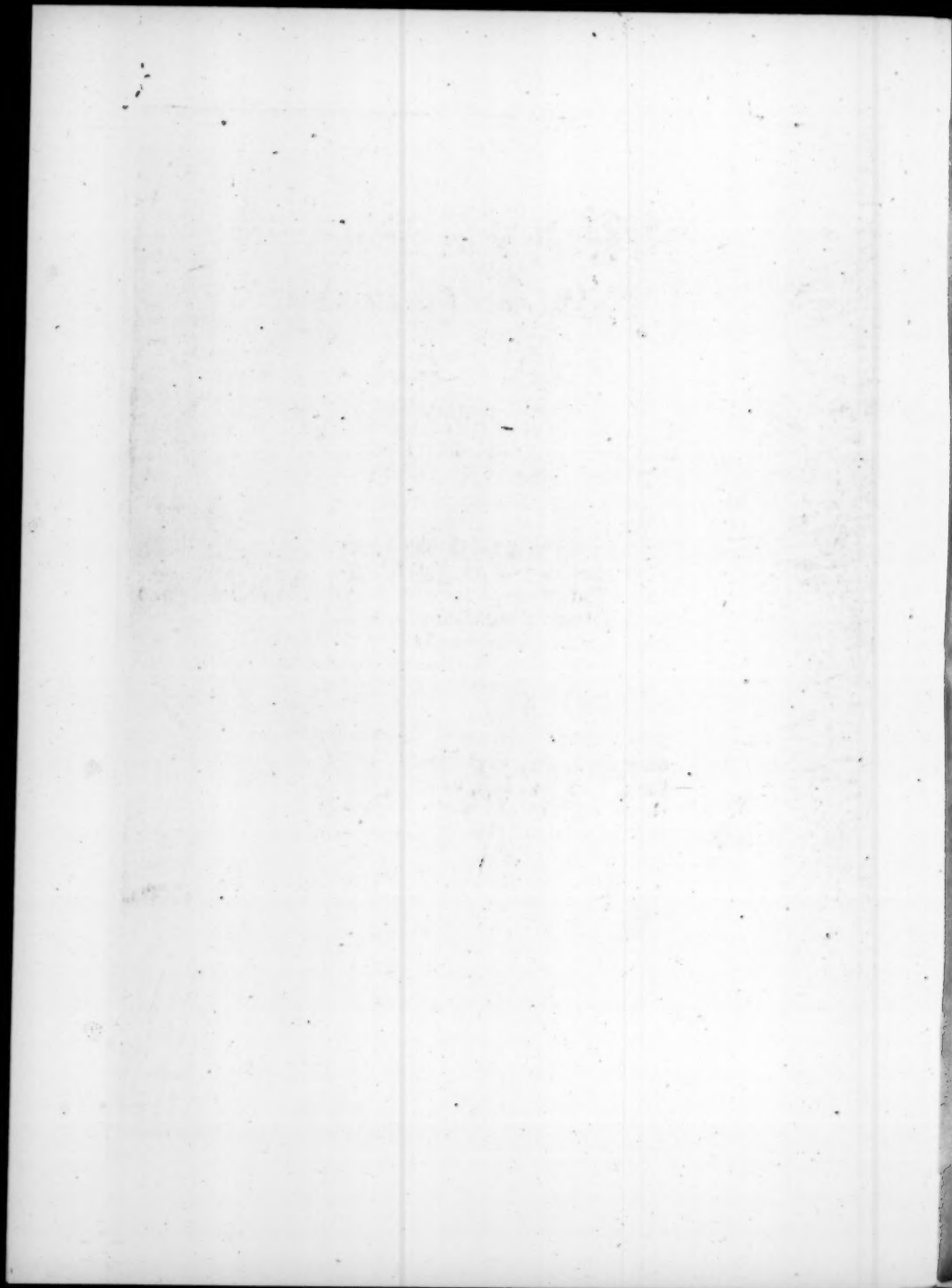


Medice Cura teipsum.

W Hilest on the Worlds brave *Theatre* I looke,
 And *Times* and *Mans* Vicissitudes bemoane;
 My musing Thoughts in Error grosse I took,
 That of those *bad* my self not mended *one* :
 For *Ills* one should be lesse, If I were none.
 O let me rather my self Rectifie,
 Then *sympathize* thus in *Antipathie*.

'Tis true, I lived in the Golden dayes
 Vnder the *Candor* of a fulgent Sphære,
 Where seldom Sun obscur'd his Brightest Raies :
 If *now* it shines not Radiantly so cleare;
 Or that moe *Cloudes* or *mistie foggies* We feare :
 If I, **THOV, HE**, returne that are estranged,
 We need not cry *O How the World is changed*.

Estrang'd I meane from **H I M** that Ruleth All, |
 Both *Sau* and Its subordinated *Serues* ;
 Let I, **THOV, HE**, before Him prostrate fall,
 Imploing Him *to set intune the Jarres* ;
 For I, **THOV, HE**, 'tis, all the Fabrik marres.
 And I, first person of the *Thres* and Worse,
 Purpose by *Grace Divins* to change my Course.





Lament. Ierem. 5. 21.

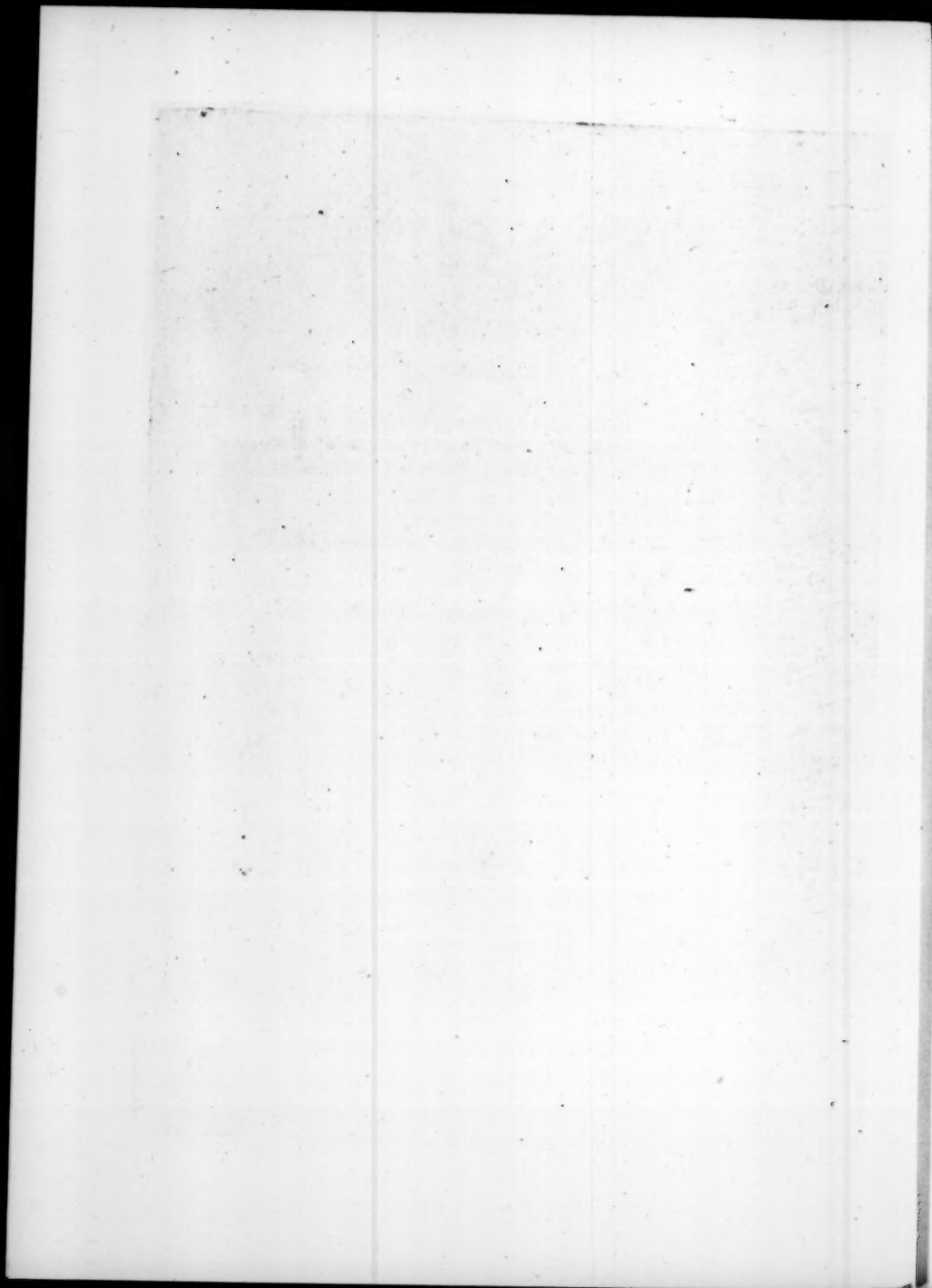
Turne us O Lord, and we shall be turned.

Now to begin my *change* the surest Way,
He use that *forme* This Prophet us'd before;
Turne me O Lord, that Wholy turne I may:
I cannot turne one foot, but *wrong* goe more;
Thou must both bring me back, and in at dore.

THY SELFS the Dore, Lord let me in by Thee,
And give me *all* that Thou Commandest me.

Some thinke they can convert and turne at pleasure,
Repentance is at hand and in ther Power:
Poore *Adams* Sons, what is your weight and measure?
LORD turne Thou me, *first, second, and last* houre;
If Thou holdst off, Then downe *dreape* I and *lowre*.
Therefore (as *Austens* was) my Prayer is,
Lord *DA QVOD JVRES, JVBE* then *QVOD VIS*.





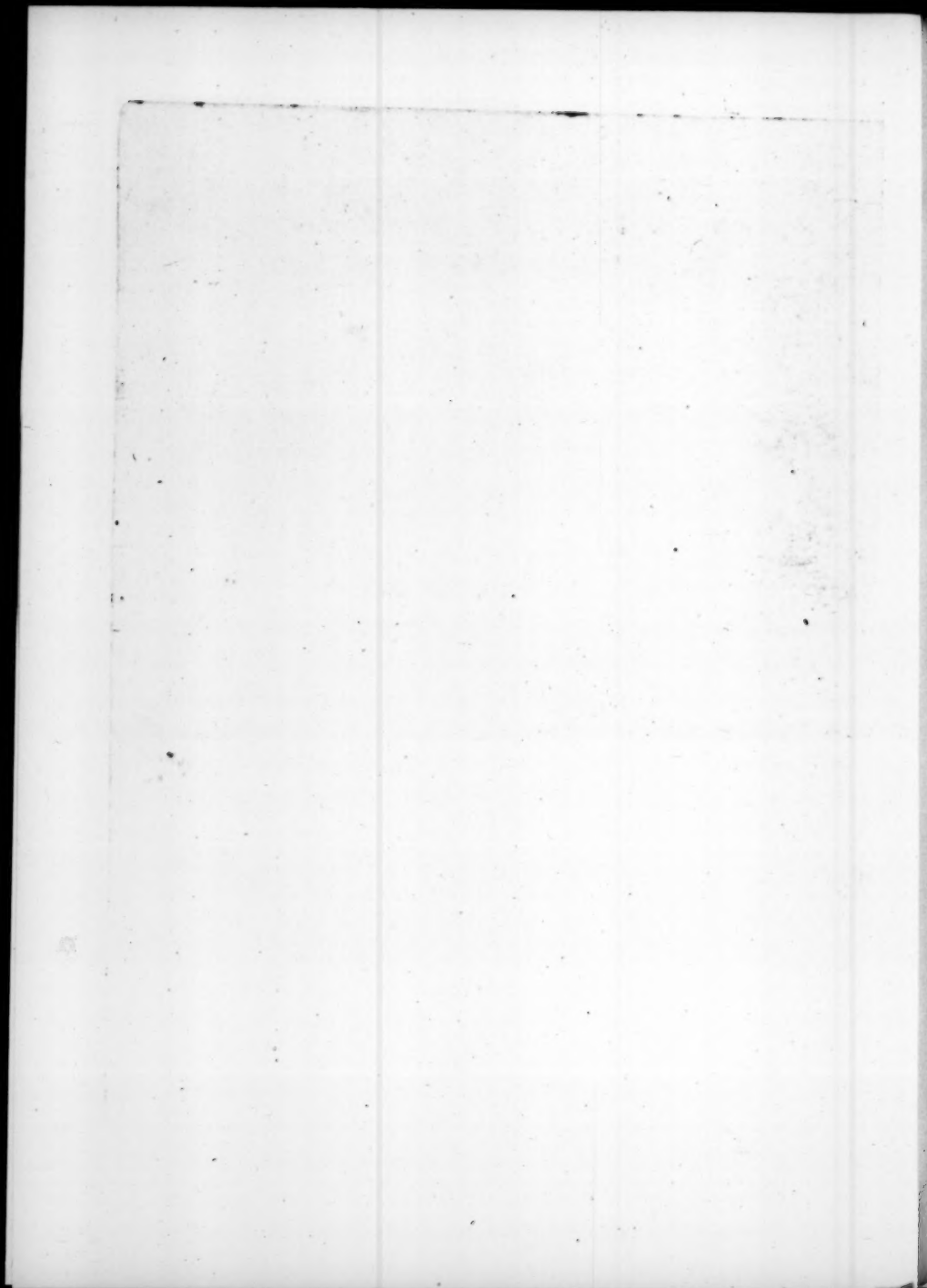


Non est Mortale quod opto.

Then stay not there, for wishes not avale thee,
 If but to mortall Glory thou aspire;
Sauns Fortitude and *Labour* They will faile thee:
 Immortall is ten thousand Grees yet higher,
 Who aymes at that shrink not at blood nor fier.
 Clog not thy self for this lives brevitie,
 But spend thy spirits for Eternitie.

Nuncius Luge.

Now mourn my cheerfull Heart, abandon mirth,
 It makes my *Mind* more triviall then ought.
 The sapid speech that hath a pleasant birth
 Sowreth by night (me thinks,) and favours nought:
 That *Sweetly* lasteth, which is *Seber* wrought.
 Gravely passe time, Thou wert not merry born:
 Mourn in thy life, thou mayst not dye to moura.





To one that asked why he oft times was so sad.

Nunquam minus tristis quam cum pertristis.

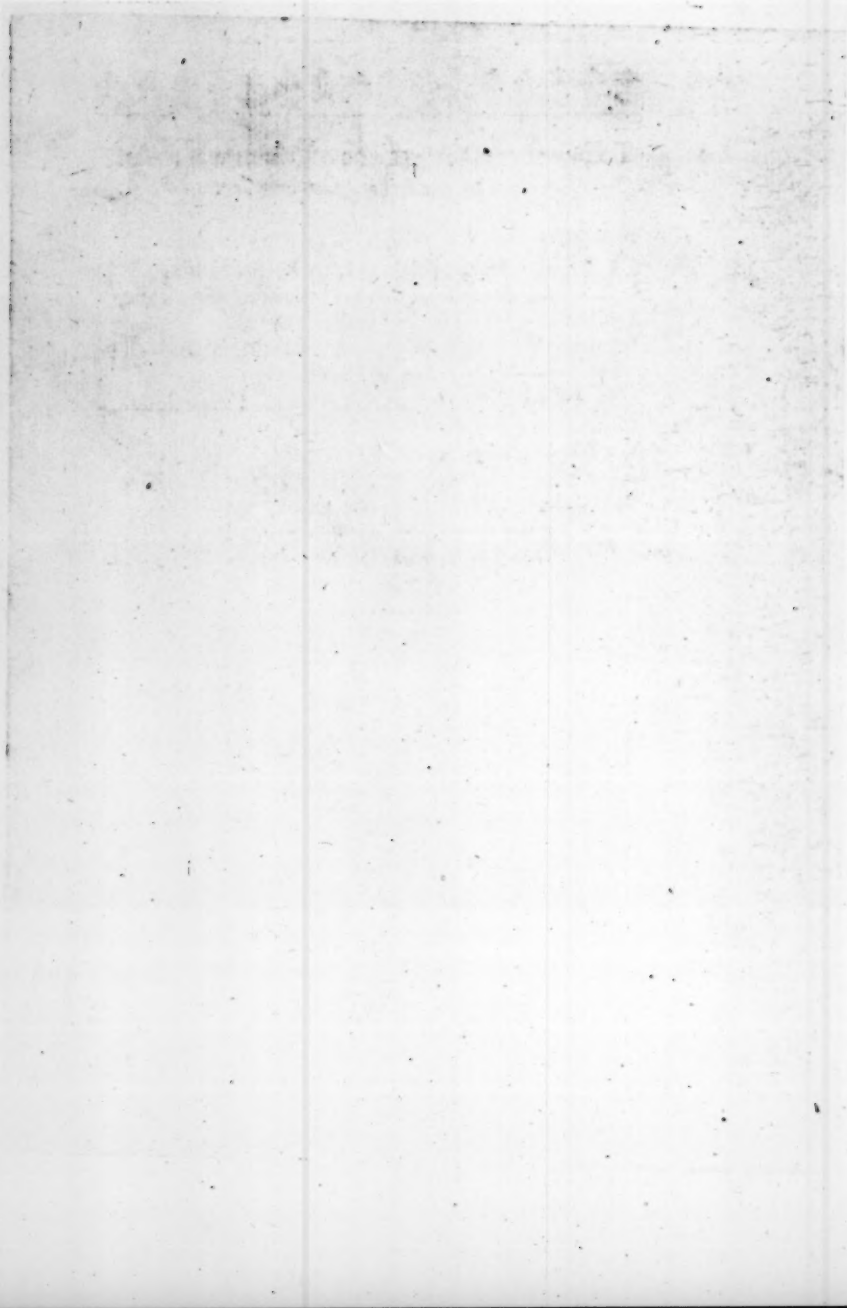
MY Fancies driv'n and snared in a Toyle,
My *Mind* within as Lady Empresse sits,
But Meteorlike, *They* whirle and keep a coile,
And are too nimble for my swiftest wits,
Turning my calme Thoughts, into flashing fits:
My Theories doth *Sadneffe* safest keep;
My *Mind* works best when *Sence* and *Fancie* sleep.

Nor is't a *Paradox*, for mark thine Eye,
Thine Eare, thine Hand, thy dainty Taste and Smelling;
How ev'ry object meeting to complie
Its proper-sence, in *Fancie* sets a swelling,
Right reason *Wildly* to and fro dispelling,
Most in their strength is both my *Mind* and wit,
When most of *Sence* and *Fancies* vigour quit.

Vita petis mortem repetis quia mors mihi vitam.

Light heart, my life (more then I like) makes longer,
Nor sad hart shortens much, the strings are stronger:
Then live, but dayly dye, that so deaths hower
May be (when't comes) than sweetest life, lesse sower.
I will not digge for Death, but life so carry,
That I for Death, not Death for me shall tarry.

Faxis Denu.



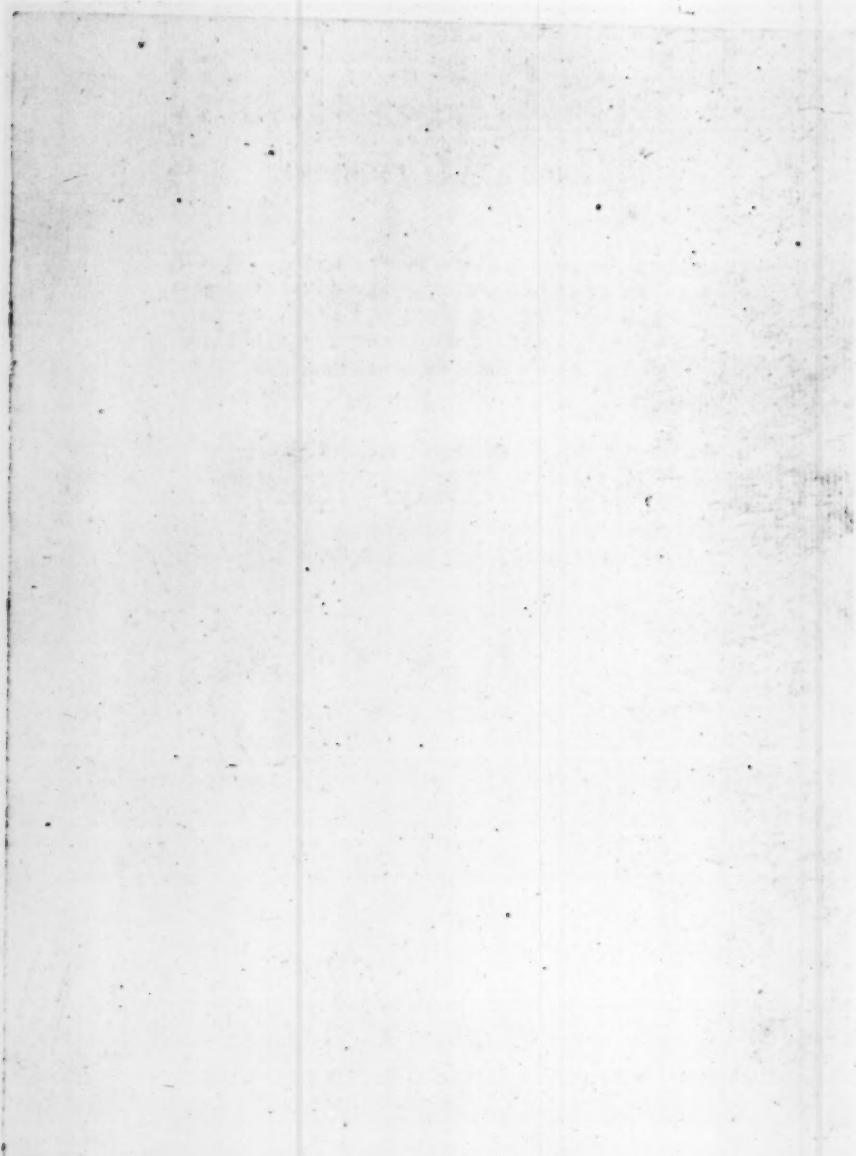


Homo Microcosmus.

AM I a little World, what is my Fraught?
 Pride, Folly, Lulls, Humours, and surging Broiles,
 Changes, Chances, Purpose, and Project naught:
 Pienty, Want, Sorrowes, Pleasures, Ease, and Toyles;
 Honours, Disgrace, Conquests, Contempt, and Foiles.
 Thus balast is This *little World* for store,
 As is the Great, though in the greatnesse more.

But Piety, Love, Wisedome, Grace, and Peace;
 Sanctity, true Glory, Vertue Divine:
 Fulnesse of Ioy, which needeth no increase.
 High Felicities, never that Decline,
 Are of the *Christall* World, Are not of *mine*.

LORD *Almower* of Heaven, Deale me Thy Dole,
 Some pieces Heere as *Symbols* of the Whole.





Periculum probat.

SOME Boast afore-hand *Confidence* in God
In times of troubles, and their Great distresse;
How quietly *They* will embrace His Rodde;
And beare all *Crosses* stoutly do professe:
Be not to Bold, I thought my self no lesse.

So *Peter* on his Courage set a * price,
'Till *Chantecler* had checkt him once or twice:

* Edm
fi moriar
Ecc. Mat.
26. 34.

In *Calmes* no *Cares*, No *Trialls* where no *Crosses*;
Jobs mess-ngers when they beset thee round,
When *Storms* within, *Tempests* without thee tosses.
If then in *peace* Thou manly stand'st thy Ground,
Thou giv'st some proof, thy *Faith* and *Hope* is sound.
Lord *Awake* me in my largest *Liberties*,
Thou maist enlarge my straightest *miserics*.

What i'st to know how to abound or want
More then to be all ONE in *Cases* all?
In Plenty not to *fall*, in Need *content*;
This tot'ring World gives not *That* man a fall:
For as *he* was *he* is, and so *he* shall.

Philipp. 4.
11. 12.

For in each Chan ge, by Christ he holdeth fast,
O Lord (though late,) *Now teach me This at last.*

C

Vpon sad tydings.

*Ecce me, faciat mihi pro ut bonum videtur in
oculis suis. Sam. 2, 15. 26.*

BEsieg'd with Troupes of feares as with an Hoaste,
Tumults of Thoughts Irrushing on my mind :
Plagues of ill Happs posting from ev'ry Coast;
Like blustering Storms, more comming, more behind.
And when no End, nor hope of End I find :
I say as *He* who in the like Case stood,
LORD Here I am, Doe with me what think'st good.

*Vide meliora probas,
Deteriora sequor.*

DImme-sighted man Canst see and not avoide?
Cloze up those eyes that lead thy foot awry ;
Those Carnall *Sights* leave not till all be stroyde,
And in their Roome get one *Spiritual* Eye;
One *Single* Heart, which may with *it* Complic.
Then look thine *Heart* keep clean, and cleat thy sight,
So shalt thou *see, approve, and follow* Right.

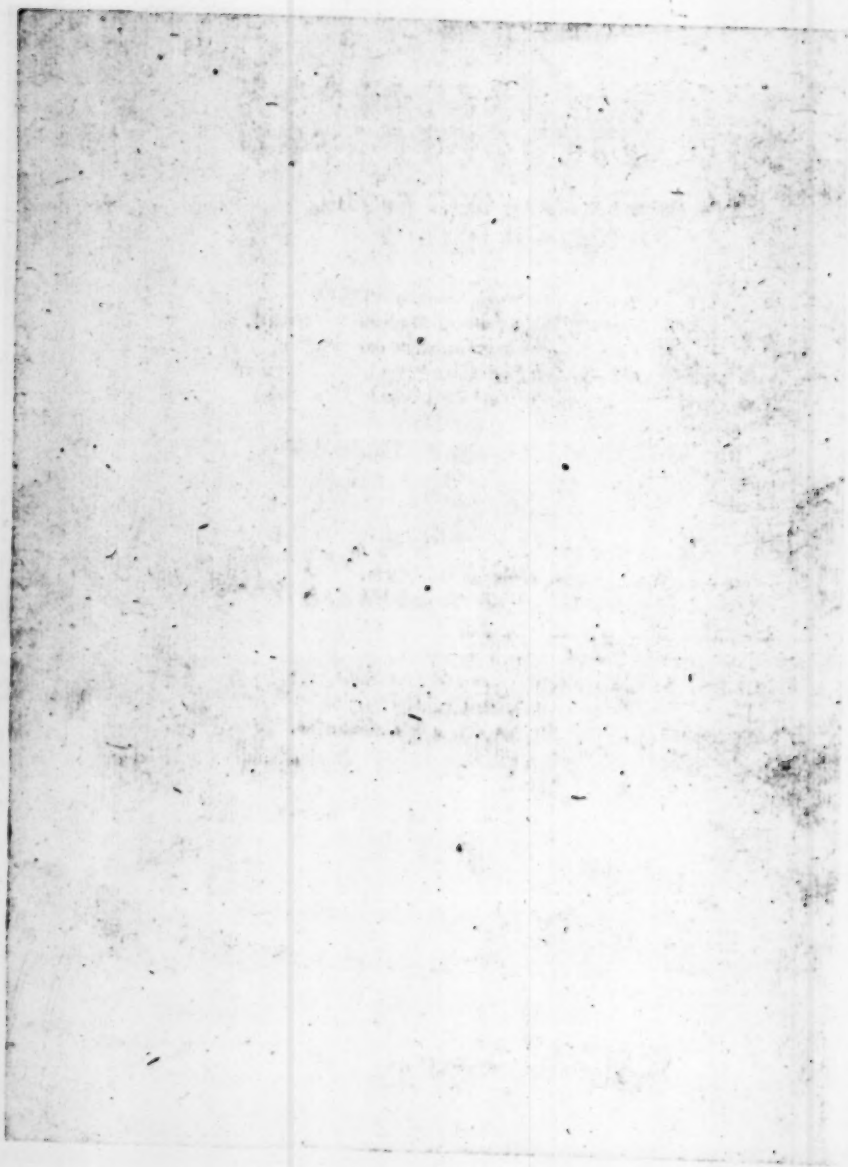


Remember me my GOD for *This*,
Nehemiah 13. 22.

MY GOD saith *Nehemiah* Remember me :
I dare not call GOD (*mine*) my Soules's afraid,
Yet I have found GOD Good in my degree;
As largely Good as *he* that (My GOD) sayd,
Why then to cry My GOD am I dysmaide?
I cannot say Remember me for *This*,
That *This* makes odde between my Case and *His*.

Josua 14. 15, *in versu calce.*

Iosue Protesteth he would serve the LORD,
Though none else would, yet *He* and *His* alone :
Exhorteth All in generall accord;
He with the first Goat endeth to be one,
And in GOD's Courts will *Second* be to none,
Place of precedence in *Iosue's* Condition,
Strive for in GOD's Name, *'Tis a safe Ambition.*



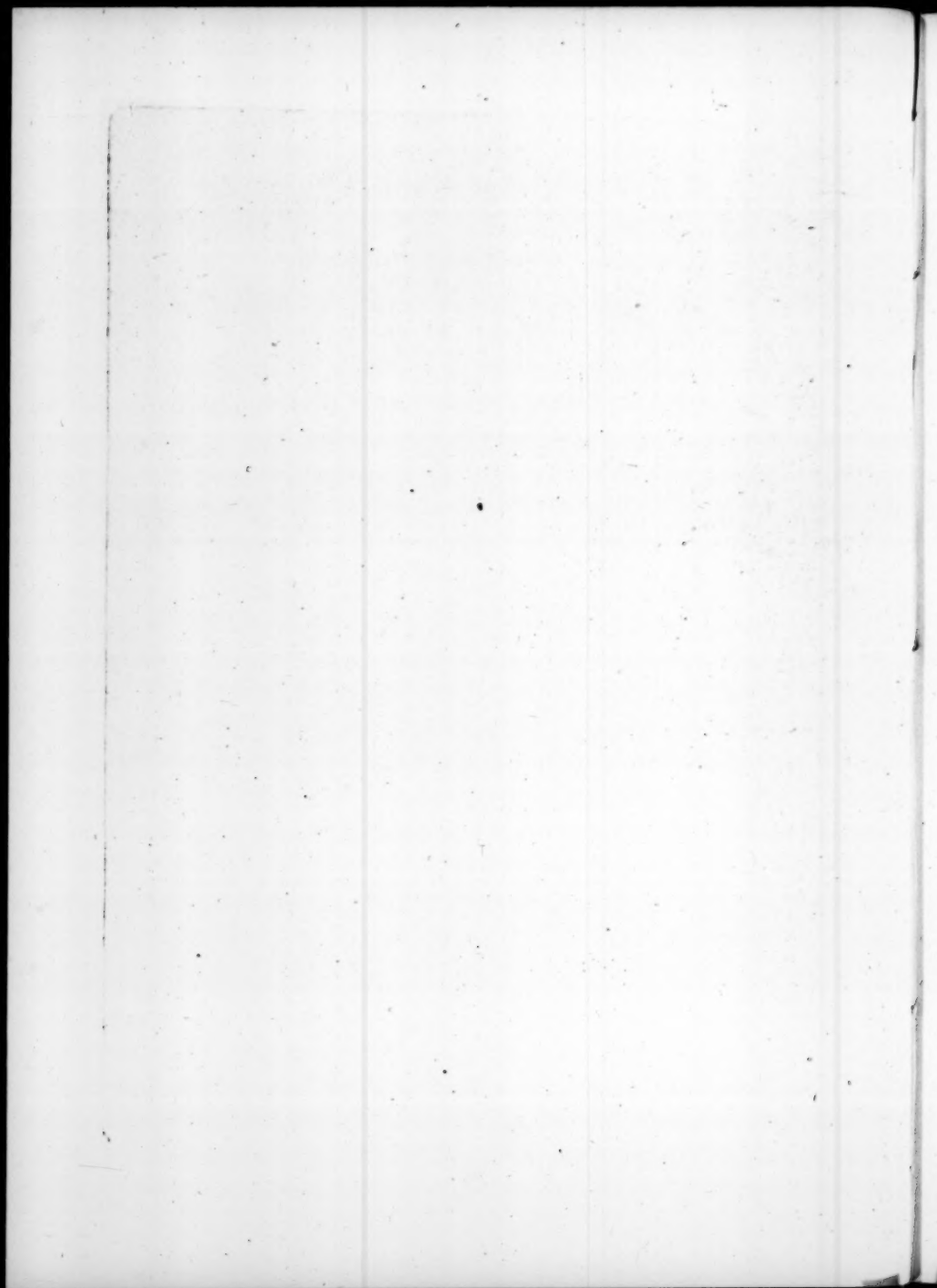


The love of GOD to Man.

MAs more then *Angels* Thou didst love O *Lord*,
Thou talk'st with *him* when he did disobey :
Thou throwst *Them* downe, vouchsafst *Them*
not a Word,
But chain'd *Them* up untill the Iudgement day.
The *Man* Thou chid'st, but sav'd'st another way.
O depth of Mercy to this Man of Dust,
When to those *Angells* Thou wert only Iust.

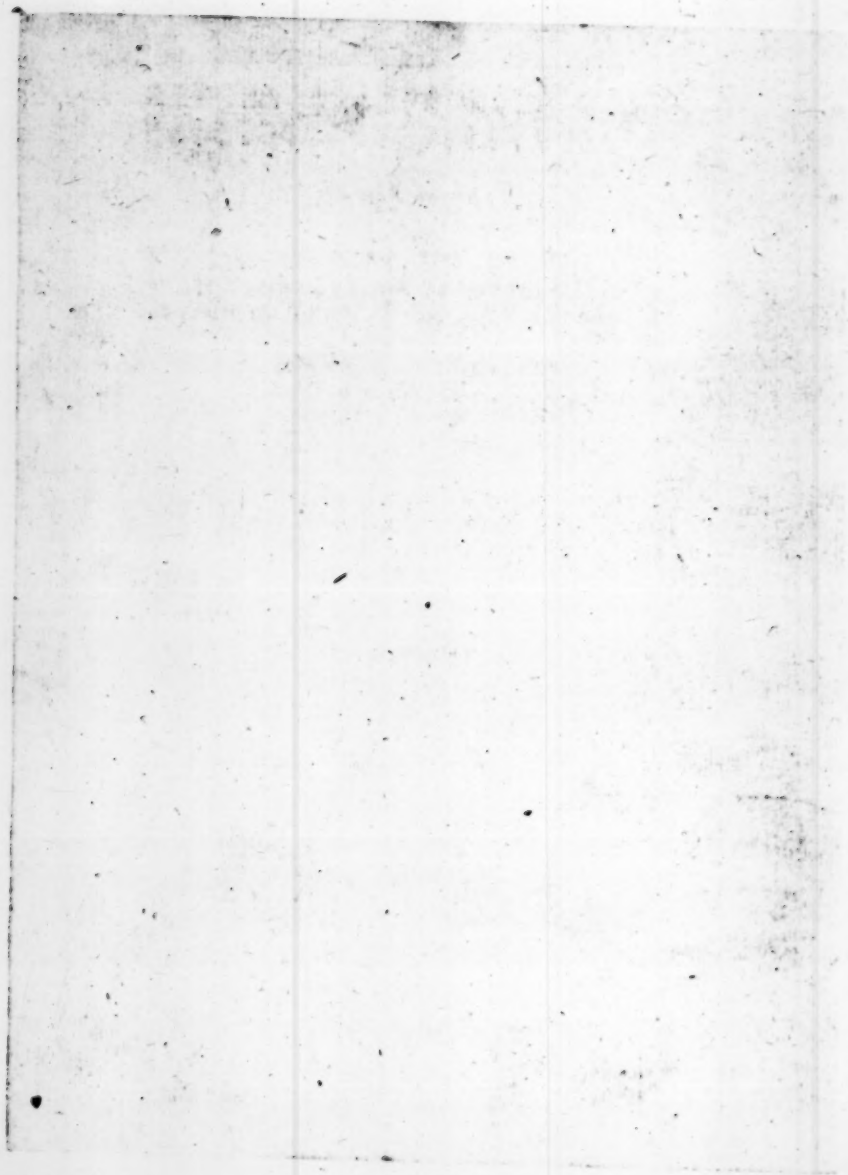
O GOD what's Man, whom Thou didst so Regard?
Thou mad'st Him twice (*as's were*) to make him sure,
Renewd'st Thine Image He so foully mar'd:
Scampt in *Thy self* that so It mought endure,
Wert Man *Thy self* that Manhood mought be pure.
Thus God the Man sets full at Libertie,
Steps in his stead, And is his *Suerrty*.

O Second person in the Trinity,
Lord Jesus Christ, the Horn of our Salvation;
 That wroughtst in Man by *Thomasmartyr*,
 More Integral than at his first Creation:
 Keep me within the Tower of that Station.
 Then stronger mine shall be than *Adam's* Case,
 For He stood by himself, *I stand by Grace*.
Deo Gloria.



Thine Holiness, O God, I apprehending,
And Justice so Exact for least Transgression :
How Thou from Heav'n threw'st Angels down
offending.

Recording then Thy self becam'st a man,
And wer't made Sinne for Mans sinnes Expiation;
Didst die for Sinne in Sinners Roome: O than
Gainst *Devil* and *Hell* I get Refocillation.
And calling *Faith* to this high Admiration,
Beleeve GOD made Himself a Man to Dye
For Greatest Sinners, Sinners such as I.



Spiritus, ubi vult spirat.

What's Spirit Spirit is, what's Flesh is Flesh,
Thou breathest where thou please, *O Holy*
Breath.

God breathed Life at first, Breath *Thou* afresh:

Else all Life long I do but live in Death.

So is all Life, (but what's from The) Beneath.

Draw me *O* God to *CHRIST*, *O* Draw me still,

Me-thinks I come like one against his Will.

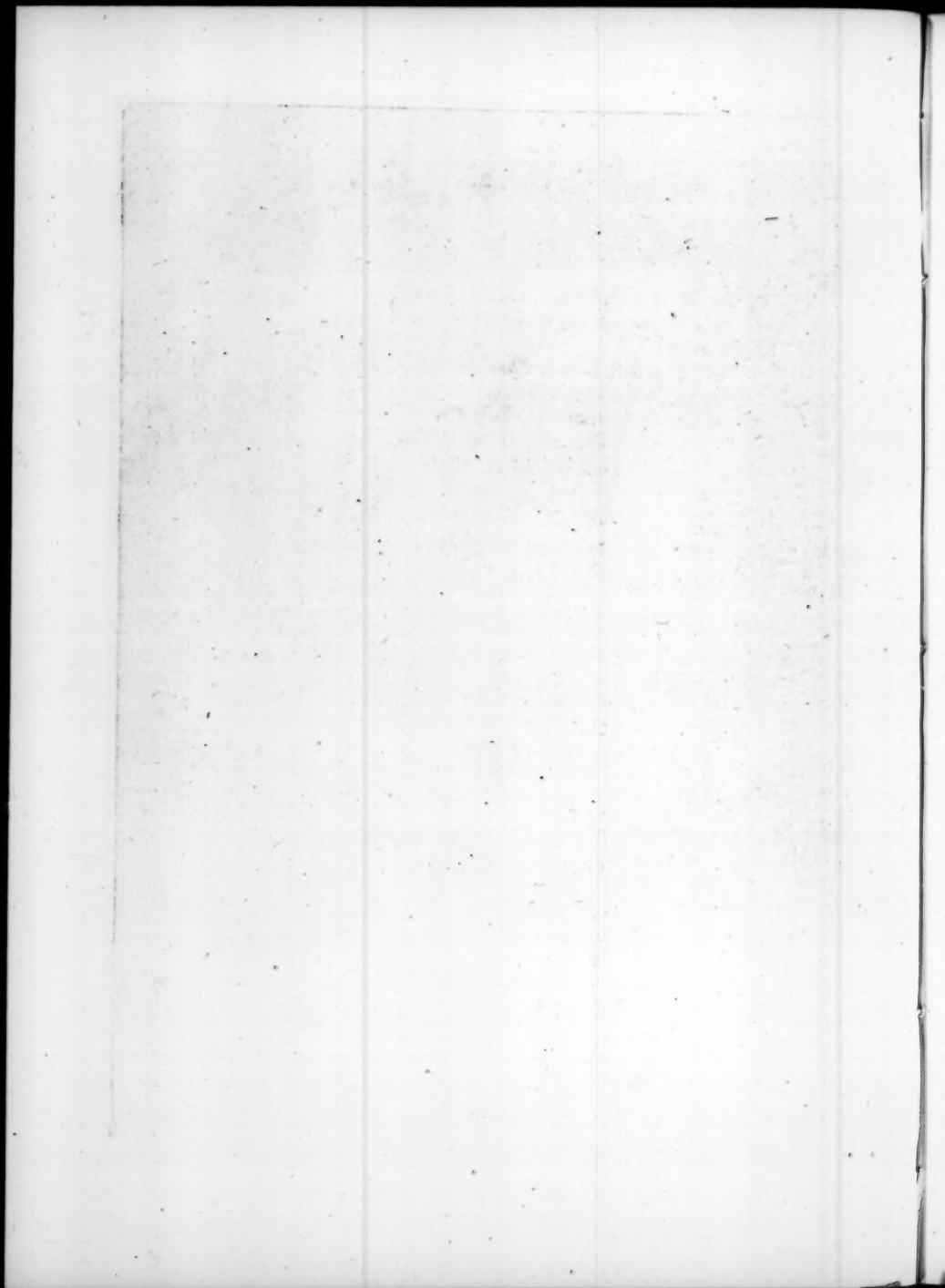
Etdam Patet, quia Tibi ita placuit,

Math. 11.26, et Luke 10.21.

EV'n so *O* Father, for it pleas'd Thee so,
The Sonne of God on Gods own Will doth rest:
The Sonnes of Men will farder Reasons know,
As though Gods Will of Reasons were not Best;
Cause of first Cause Thou seek'st to have exprest.

For still thou sayst There's Reason of that Will,

Be't so: But farre beyond thy Reach and Skill.

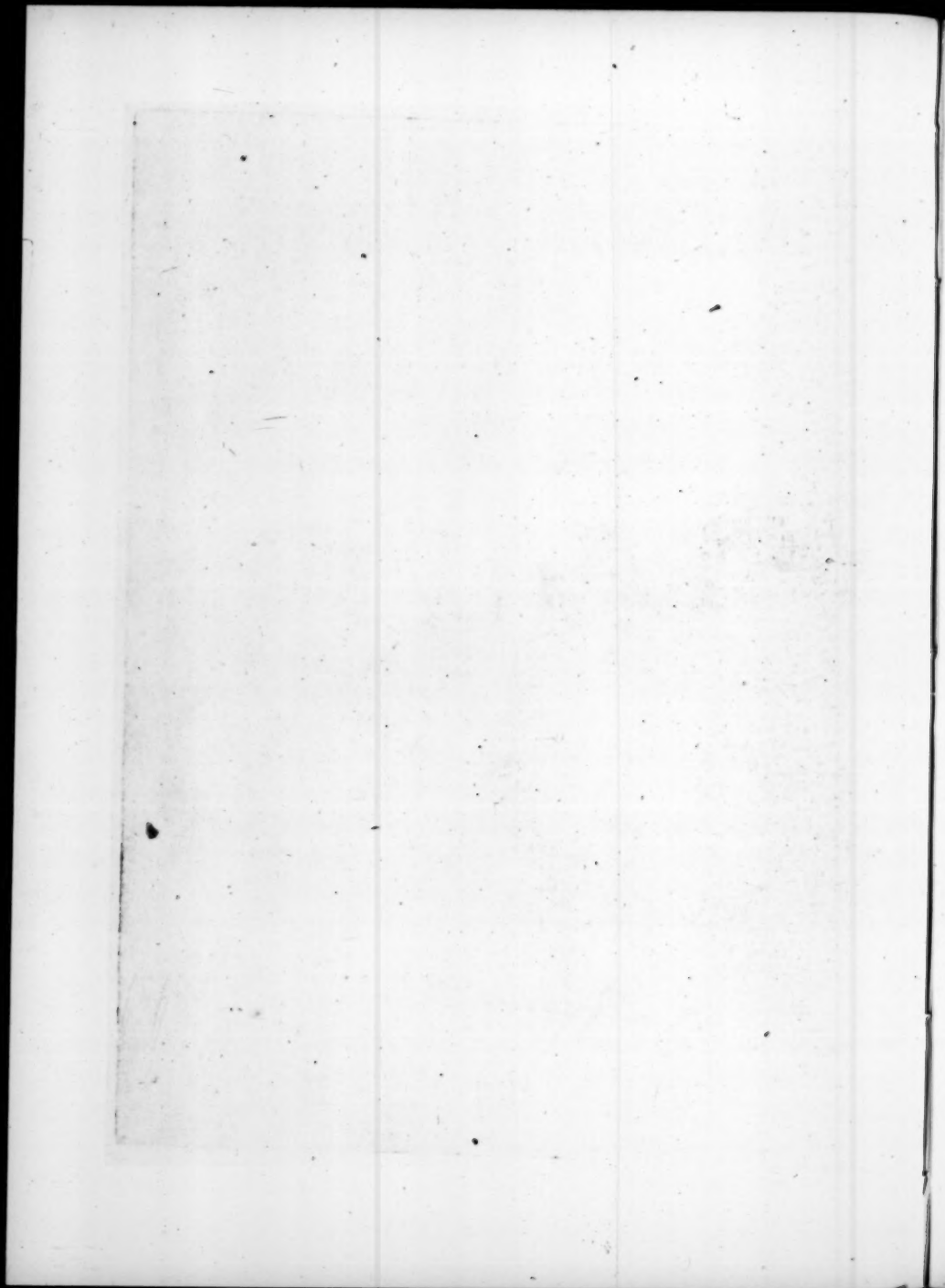




Luke 21. 19. *Possesse your Soules in Patience.*

THy Soule in Patience labour to possesse,
 The LORD His own Disciples Counsaill'd so :
 This fluctuant World is busie more ore lesse
 By *change* or *changes* to machinat thy woe;
 Tumbling thy best Endeavours to and fro.
 To Patience then Lay *Anchor* in Her *Roads*,
 Then Let thy *Ship* float where it will abroad.

O Sonne of GOD that wer't the Sonne of man,
Poorest of All, Yet Lord of All wets borne,
 First laid in Cratch, so basely life began;
 Hunted by *Herod*, felt the Scourge and scorn,
 Thy *shoulders* bare, the Crosse, Thy *Head* the Thorn.
 O CHRIST (whose patience did more encrease :
 In most Extremes,) *Bind me unto Thy Peace.*

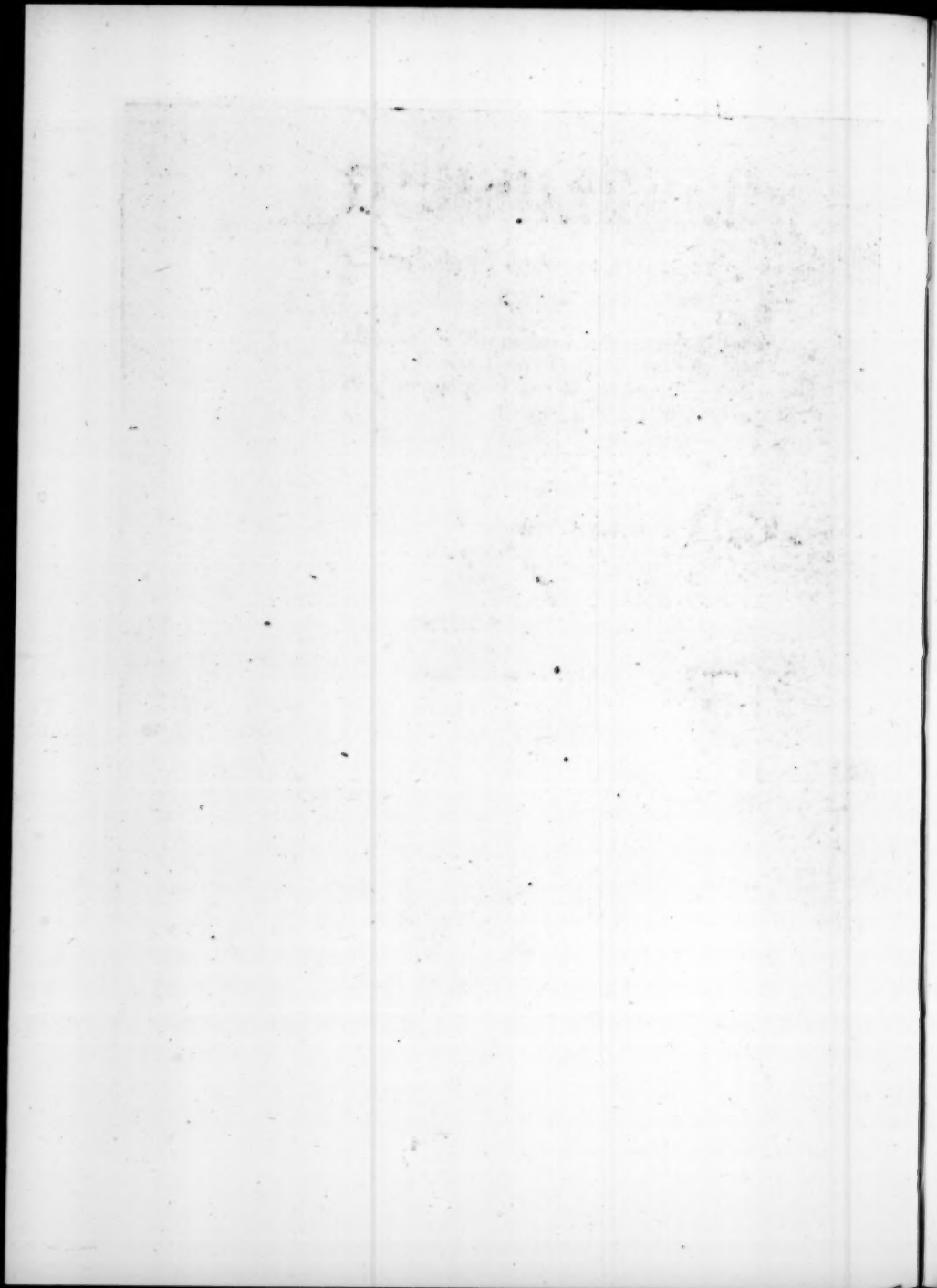




*I will shew mercy, on whom I will shew
mercy. Exod. 33. 19.*

THou wilt shew mercy, Lord, on whom thou wilt:
Remember me then in Thy mercies *Will*,
And though most Monstrous be my Sin and guilt
My Pardon shall with Glory, mercy fill,
Mong'st Those Thou pardon'st, Lord, then me imbill
To put my name into Thy Mercy-rolles
Above the third Heavens Mercy it extolls.

Iustice as Great as *Mercy* is. How than?
Thy Iustice, LORD, Thy *Sonne* hath fully paid;
(God answers God, No man nor Angel can)
And in His *Blood* hath all my Score defraid
And doth *quite claime* what can by Law be laid.
Then Thou O God maist seale my Pardon sure,
Iustice and *Mercy* Both kept Even and pure.



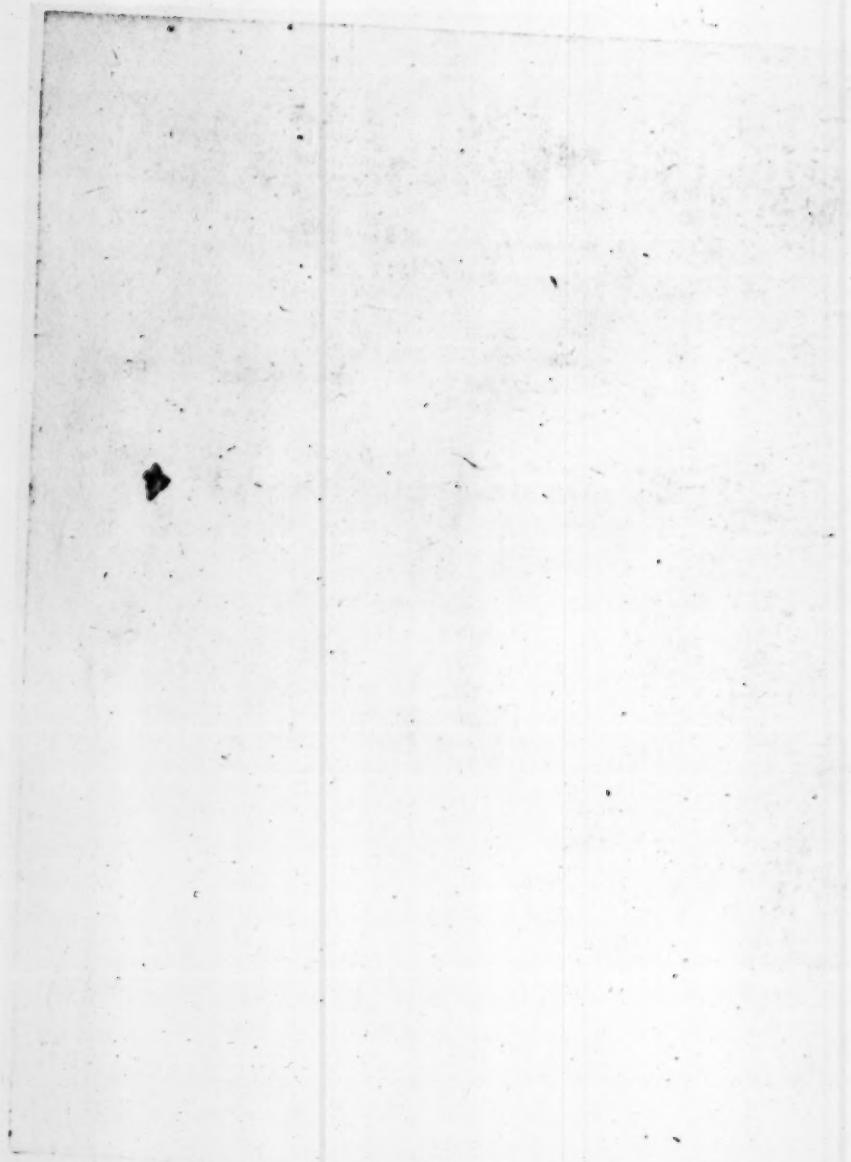


*Come unto me All ye that are laden, And I
will refresh you, Math. 11. 28.*

L Aden (O LORD) laden I am with Sinne,
The heaviest Weight that ever Earth did beare:
Crusht down without, contunded more within;
Nothing but *Wrath* and *Horror* doth appeare;
My trembling Soule in shivers shakes for feare.
I come to *Thee*, thus laden (LORD) thus broken,
Ease me, as in Thy Gospell Thou hast spoken.

Luke 10. 34.

O deere *Samaritan* Binde up my Wounds,
My Soules Soare runneth like a Rotten Boile:
In *Thee* such Vertue and such Grace abounds,
As Thou canst heale me with a Drop of Oile,
Poure it into me and my Soule assoile.
Thy Blood's the Oyle, LORD Bathe me in that Vnction,
And wash me cleane * *It is Thy Blessed function*
Heb. 9, 14. 15, & 10, 12. 14.



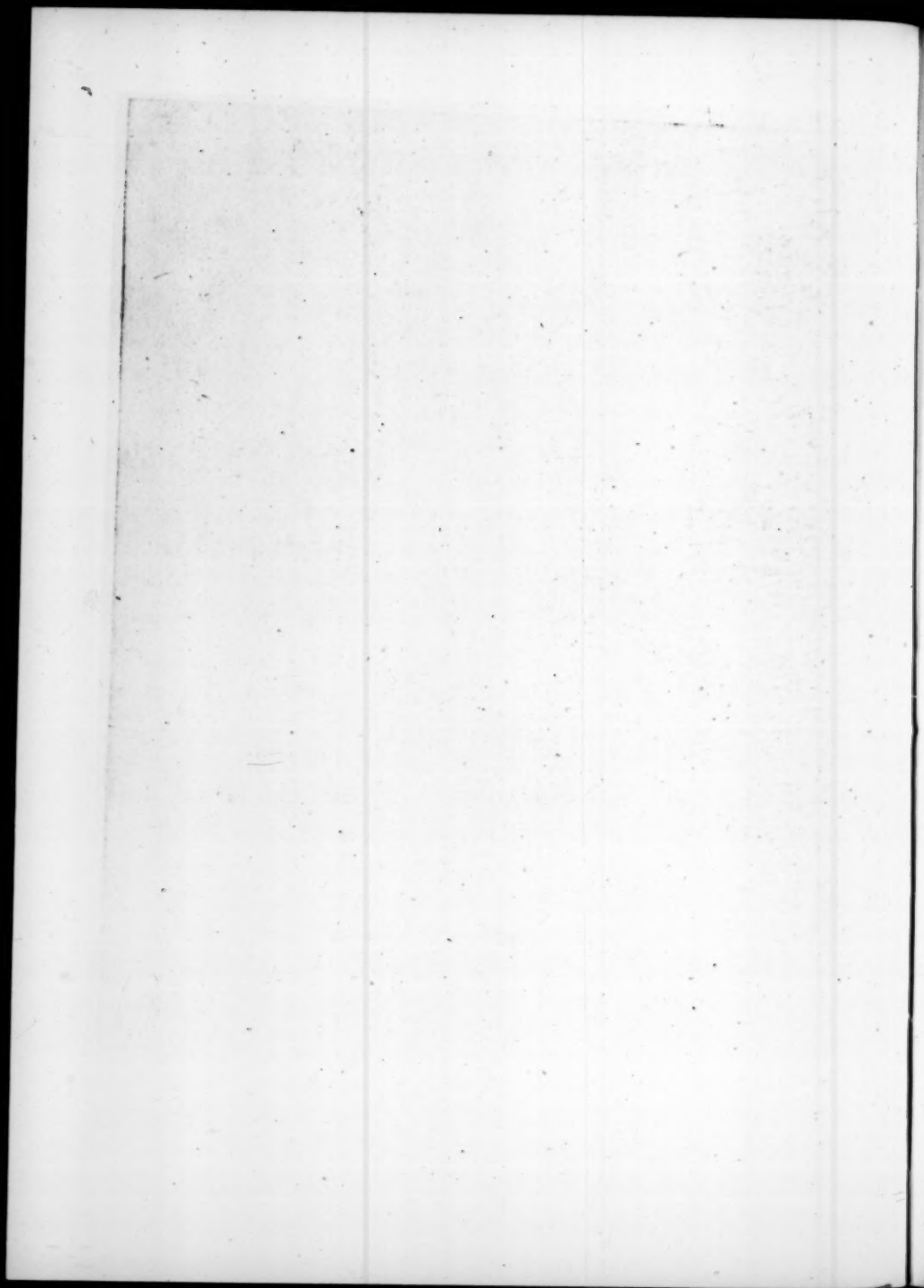


*How unsearchable are the Judgements of
G O D , and His Wayes past finding out,
Romane 11. 33.*

G O D drowns the World, yet spareth *Noe* and *his*,
Esau He hates, But *Iacob* dearly loveth :
Who dares find fault or Reason aske of *this* ?
If He rejecteth *me* and *thee* approveth;
He silence keepe, for so it me behooveth.
Submit thy self to Gods own Sacred Will,
Not meddling, Why He sends *here* Good *there* Ill.

And (for no Angell dares make Indagation
Into Gods *Arke*, where His close Counsailes lye :)
Get thou a Copy of thine own Salvation.
Why others shall not study not to prie,
God can and Will His own Wayes Iustifie.
What thou must learn is wrot in Gods own *Story*.
What is conceal'd, is seal'd up to *his* *Glory*.

I nothing *LoRD* deserve but *wrath* and *Ire*,
(Let not my *Humblings* make me worse to fare :)
Most Iust of all must *Mercy* needs Require,
And *Me* most vile, if Thou beest pleas'd to spare ?
What's He that murmur 'gainst that *Mercy* dare.
Quit me O *CHRIST*, no more but speak the Word,
For of thy Mercies *Thou Thy Self* art *L O R D*.





His Soules phancie.

IF that my Catyffe *Soule* did walk on Ground,
And visibly were from the body known;
Which GOD at first Infus'd so purely Sound:
Now by my flesh so vild and loathsome grown,
My *Phancy* is, GOD could not know his own.
Expurge (O CHRIST) my Soules fowle *Iniquation*,
Then GOD againe will know *His owne Creation*.

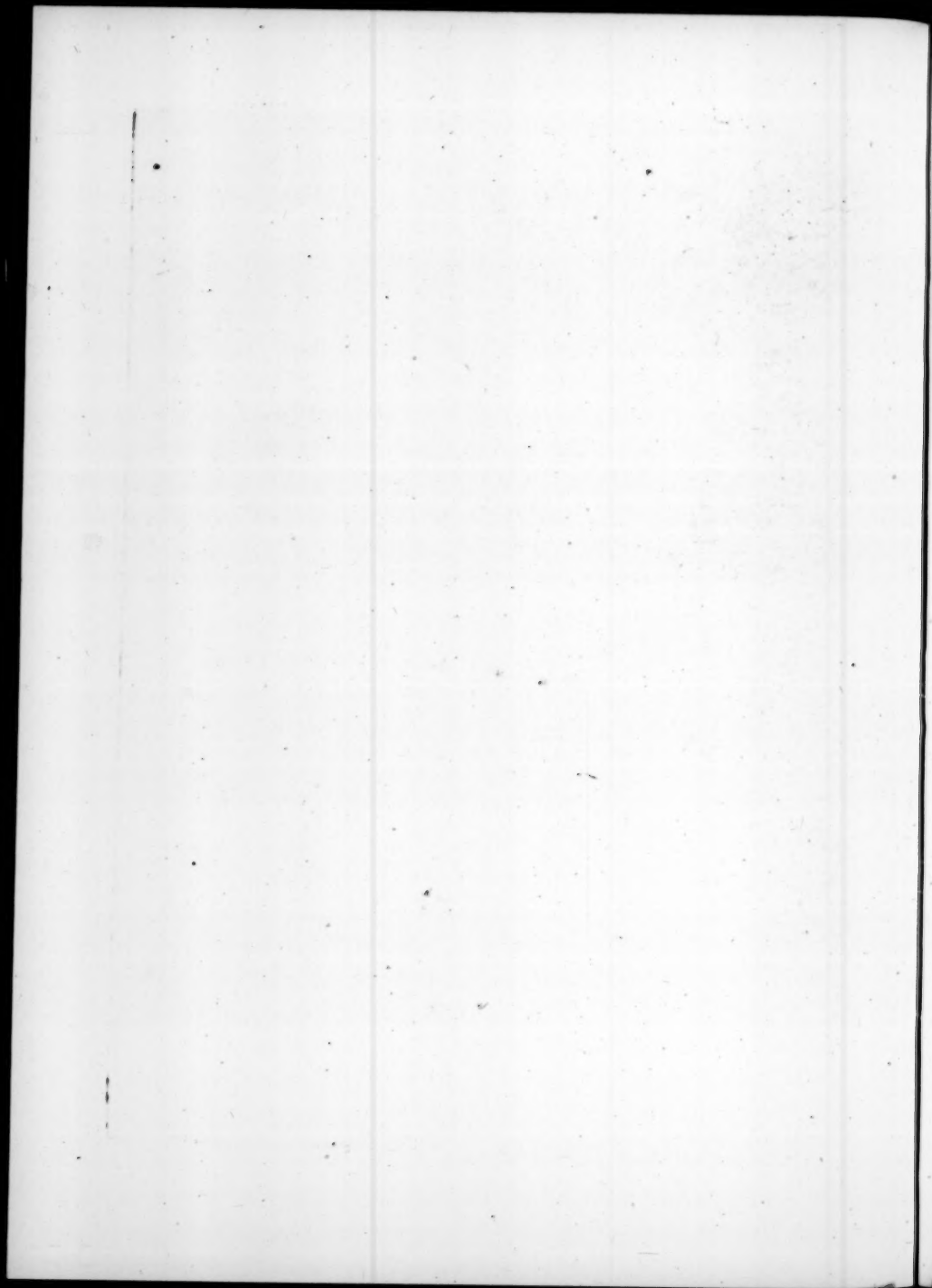
*His Soules comfort, Math. 18. 21,
& Luke 17. 4.*

NOr seav'n, but seav'nty seav'n times *Peter* shall
Forgive his Brother by *His Masters Will*;
And if seav'n times a day *he* sinnes, and call
Seav'n times for pardon, *he* must pardon still.
When all Hopes flag. *This Hope* (LORD) mounts the Hill.
Thou wilt forgive us oft, and much more so,
Then what Thou bidst Thy Servant Peter doe.

His Soules Rest.

Dona Tranquillum tranquillat omnia.

IF Thou bee't pleas'd O GOD to be at peace,
With Thy poore Creature, in Thy Blessed Sonnes;
Then shall my Faintings, Doubts, and Terrors cease,
And Combat with that *Horrid Host* be done,
And towards Heav'n my Soule walk safely on.
Speak peace then LORD, and Refecat by Grace,
My fleshy fetters that Implex my pace.



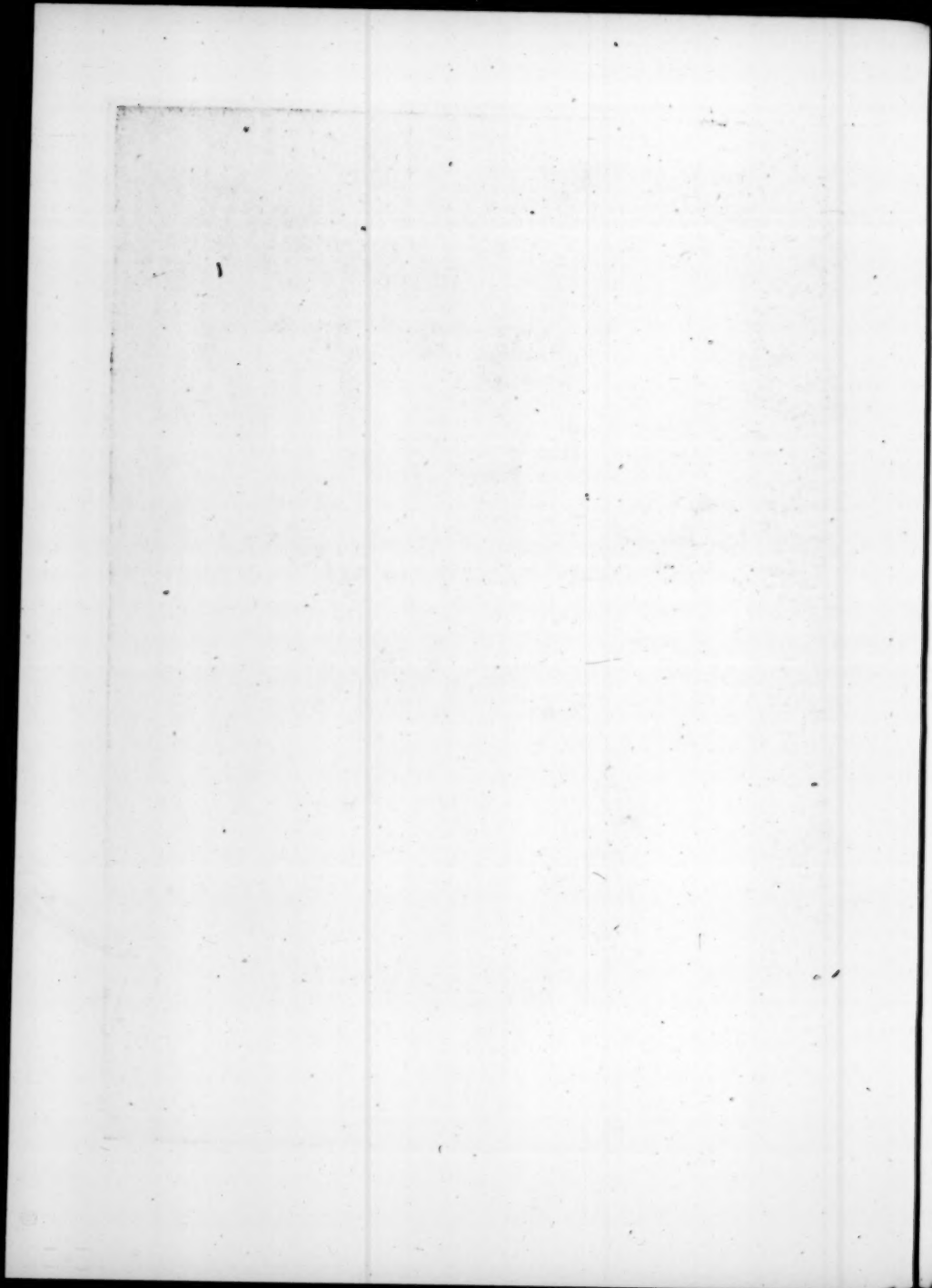


Or despisest thou the Riches of His Mercy
that leadeth thee to Repentance, Rom. 2. 4.

WHo not observes how by *Sweet Mercies* side
Iustice close standeth, gyrded with its Sword;
May todenly into *Praſumption* slide :
Daunger of Daungers all, to be abhor'd;
As which *Indulgence*, to all Sinnes affor'd.
Mercy *Right weigh'd*, Repentance doth begin;
Not *Right*, a *Torrent* opens unto Sinne.

Not to Repent, and *Mercy* to despice,
Seemes by this Text to Me, to goe as *One* :
If *Mercy* doth from *True Repentance* rise,
Where no *Repentance*, *Mercy* can be none :
Those *wofull Privacies* goe not alone.
Who *Mercy* seekes, and *Penance* exclude,
Plainly Himself, And *would his GOD* delude,

Repentance seemes in *Order* first in place,
Mercy in *Nature* doth precede before :
LORD, Both *at once* flow freely from *Thy Grace*;
And Both *at once*, my Soule on knees Implore,
Repentance *That*, Repentance neede no more,
And Mercy *That*, I so converted be,
* In Heaven The Angels may Rejoyce for me.
Luke 15. 7.



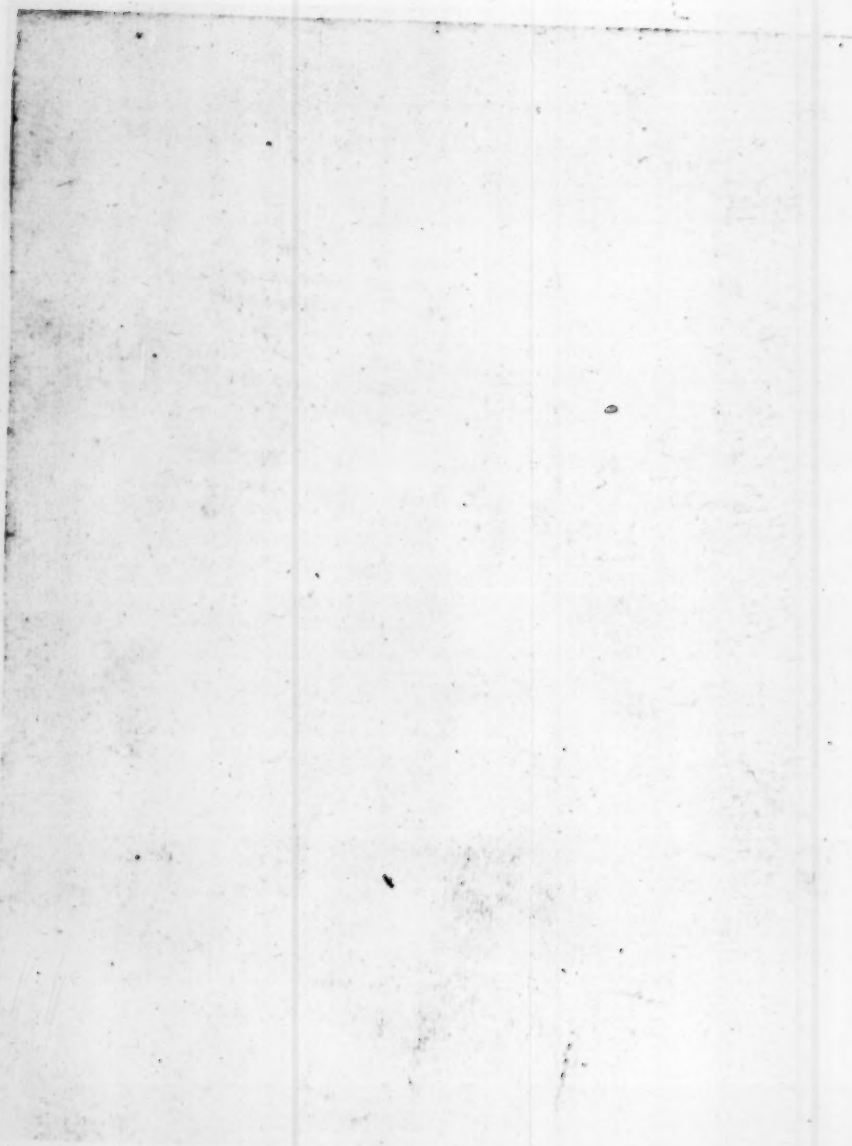


Lent,

I Fall the finnes, all Sinners, did Confesse,
 Were to mine Eares (*so lesse mine*) propounded;
 As much in *weight*, And not in *number* lesse:
 Confesse I must, though therefore were Confounded;
 Yea (*LORD*) sins I know not, *Thou* knowst'd abounded.
 Not one as I, his dayes have so mispent:
Confession must begin first part of *Lent*.

Now, could I sterve my *lusts* so proud within,
 Barre *Adam* our, And *CHRIST* my *LORD* retayne;
Worlds Courses leave, and *Hav'n* on *Earth* begin:
Temperance unto my Profession chayne,
 For my *Soules* Health Surfets in *Sinnes*, restrain.
 Through *Faith* in pure *Conscience*, *Repent*;
 Then acted is the second part of *Lent*.

THe least of *these* (*LORD*) is not in my power,
 Onely from *Grace* proceed both Will and action:
 I can Confesse, cannot amend an hower;
 Begin perhaps, asloone begun, a Fraction:
 Soule and Soules faculties, *all*, in distraction.
LORD, what I ought to do, and what's not done,
 Set it on *him* did *Do* for me, *thy Sonne*.





Jud. 14. *Eccē venit Dominus. &c.*
Behold the Lord cometh with ten Thousand of His
Saints to Judgement.

THat Heav'nly CHOIRE ō Christ that at thy Birth
 Did sing (*aloft*.) Glory to God on Hie,
 Mercy and Peace (*Below*) to men on Earth;
 Shall at thy *second coming* change their Cry,
 Sounding with Trumpet *Judgements* through the skye;
 And shake as with a mighty Rush of Thunder,
 Foundations of the VNIVERSE, a sunder.

Lord, All Thou do it is *just*, and *Just* is Good,
 Thine Agents, Angels are Cælestiall :
 Though Wicked *Ones* may murmur in their Mood,
 And *Cruelty* Thy pure *Justice* Call,
 Imprecating *Mountaines* on them to fall ;
 For what Eye can in Thy Great day of *Dooms*
 Behold that MAIESTY wherein Thou Come?

Or what strong Words can *Blazon* Thine *Affix*?

* The *Starres* shall fall, the *Heav'ns* shall melt away, *Ab. 1. 19,*
 All *Living* must stand forth, All *Dead* must rise ; *20.*
 The *Sunne* grow dark, *Moone* turn to *blood* that day :
Fire, vapours, Smoke, All over *fear* and fray.

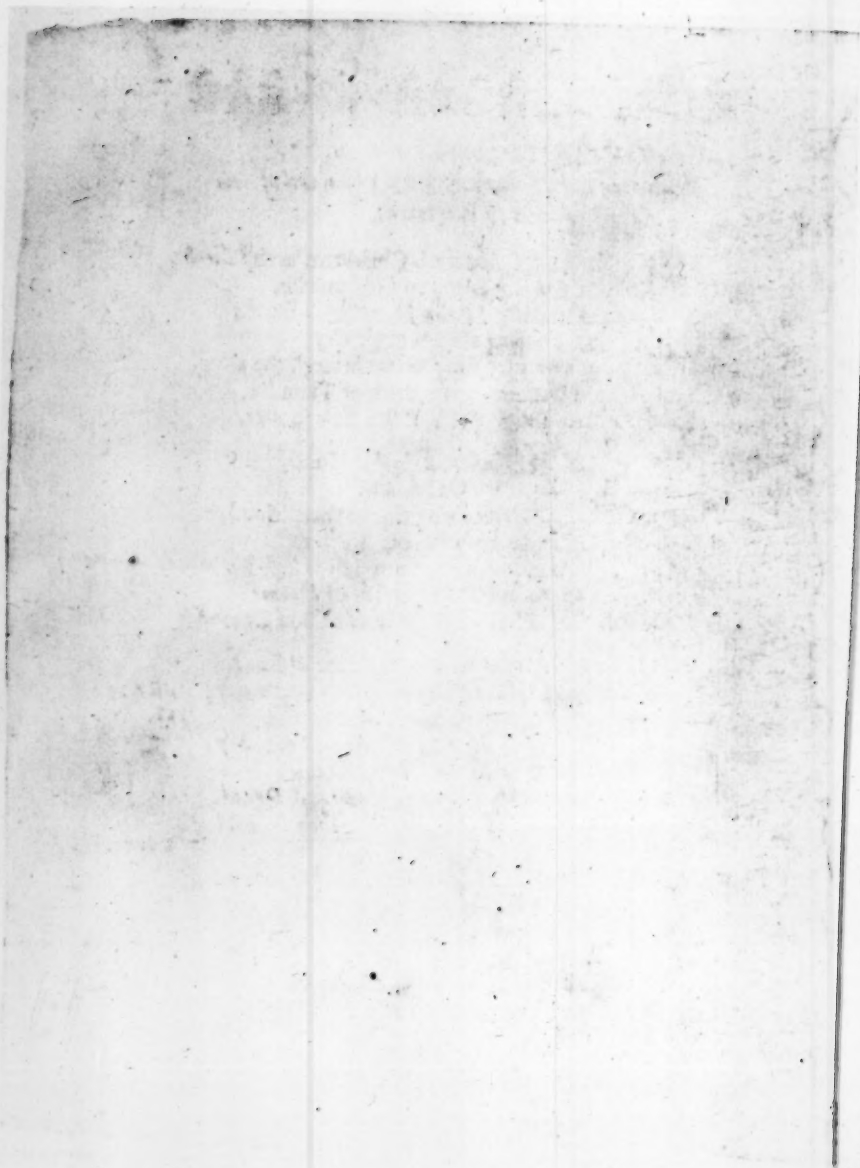
Yet (Lord) in all this *Horror, Flame* and *Dread*,
 Thou Bid'st Th'ELECT to lift up *then* their Head.

The HOMOLOGIE.

Luke 21.
28.

POore is my knowledge, But I *Aym'd* to know,
 My *Reall* rare yet lesser then mine Art :
 The *Theorie* Infatuats me so,
 I playd the *Trovan* in the *prastique* part,
 O Lord forgive, And Innovate mine Heart
 To know, and *know to doe*, and not to look,
 To be sav'd so, as *Felons* by their *Booke*.

Abfit.





Mary Magdalen, Luke 7. 38.
ad finem usque.

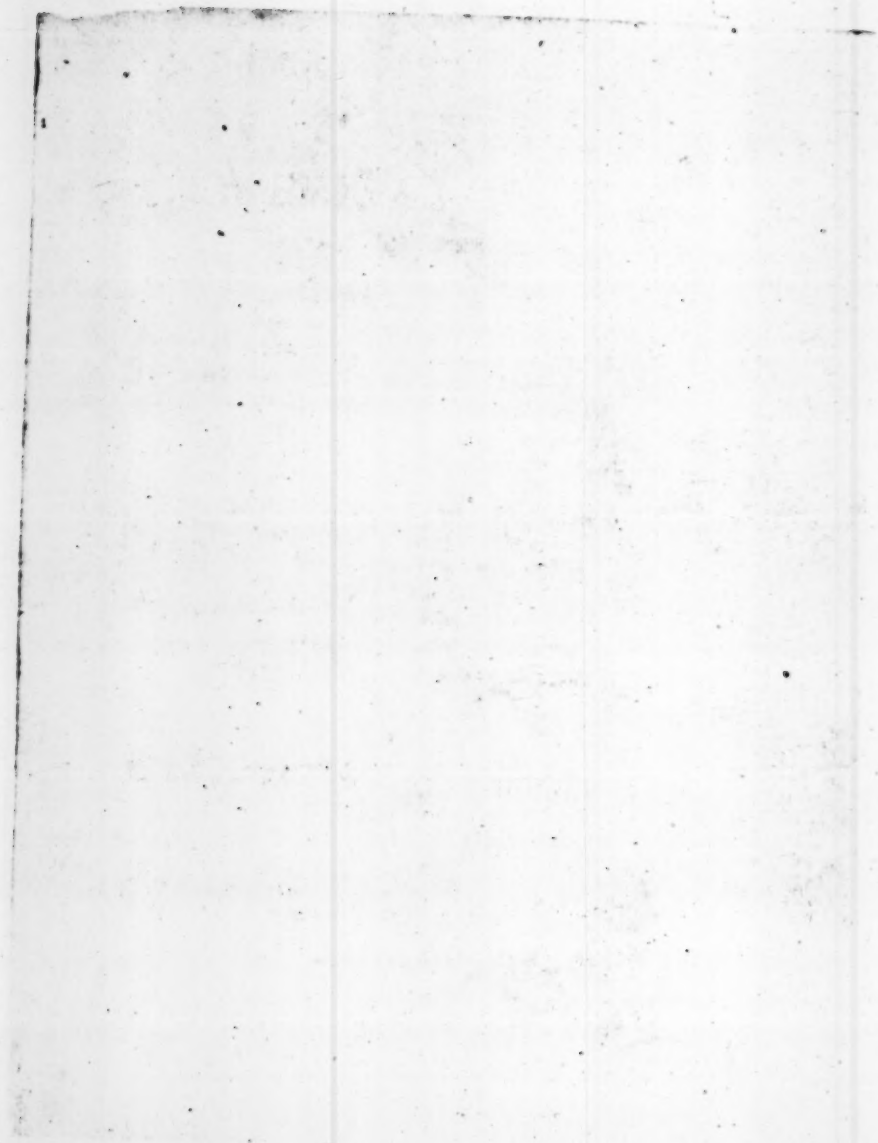
IN *Magdalens* Heart there a *Limbeck* was,
Distill'd her Sinnes into a flood of Teares;
Which got her Pardon in such Termes to passe
As her **L O R D s** *Mercies* in the **F U L L** appears,
To comfort all poore Sinners Hearts and Eares:
His feet Shee washt in Pœnitentiall water,
Her Memory is blest for ever after.

My stony Heart no Teares can melt nor bruise,
O Thou That out of Stones canst Children raise
To Abraham, Thy *Soupling* Grace Infuse
Into my *Soule*, I may my latter Dayes
(**T H O S E P A S T O P E R D O N**) treade in *straighter wayes*:
So may with **M A R Y** *whole* on **C H R I S T** Repose,
And with those Words these papers up I cloze.



FINIS.





Conjures his Chorus as potently shewing
his Drum & many ^{other} his Chorus
and in all and all ⁱⁿ one a billowing

Softly Father and Son

O sacred Spirit and visible eternal
being, yet unlimited of all things
O light in one moment of darkness, send me

O Holy Spirit

to rescue me from earthly darkness

to show all the elements of light

of the Spirit of the Holy Spirit
of the Spirit of the Holy Spirit

O God, thy presence is my

thy Spirit thy presence is my

thy Spirit thy presence is my

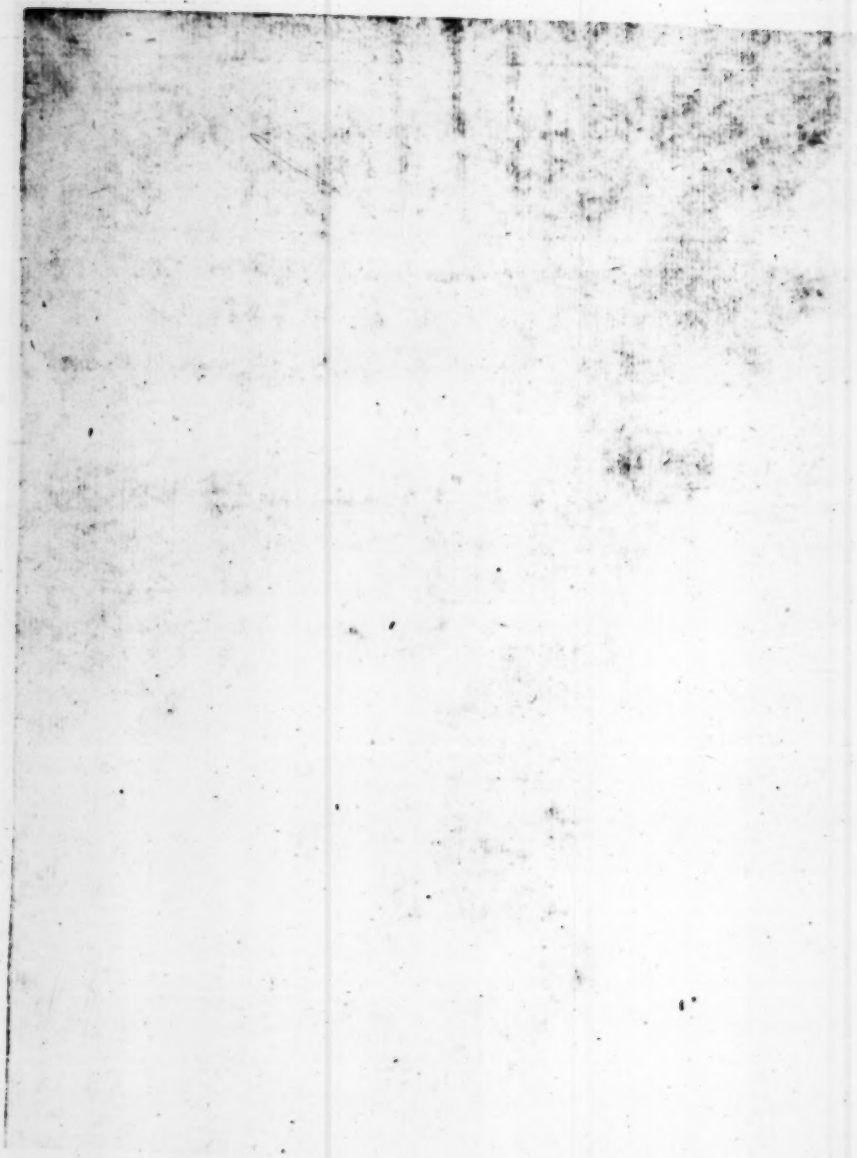
thy Spirit thy presence is my

thy Spirit thy presence is my

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thy Spirit thy presence is my



Heaven is his Throne perpetually shining
 His divine power thence he thunders
 One in all and all still in one abiding—
 Both Father & Son—

O Sacred Spirit invisible eternal
 every where, yet unbounded of all things
 Come in one minute penetrate revive me
 O Holy Spirit

Deliver O rescue me from earthly darkness
 Purge hence all these sensual objects
 My soul is thirsty for the holy fountain
 of thy Divine life

Close my soul up to God, thy highest prayer
 Delivered with sinners to that thy heavenly parents
 cannot acknowledge me but in thy mercy
 O Father of Grace

But when once thy beams do remove my darkness
 O then I shine forth as an angel of light
 And need with none than an earthly voice thy
 Infinite Honor